

THE STUDENT'S PEN



APRIL '65

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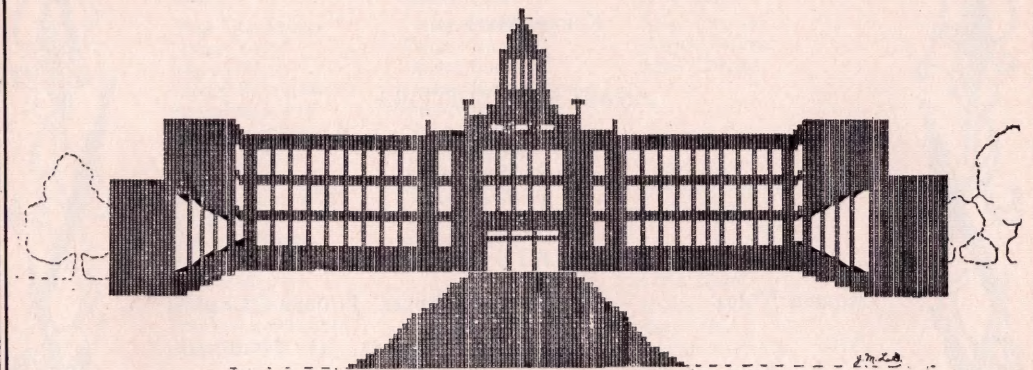
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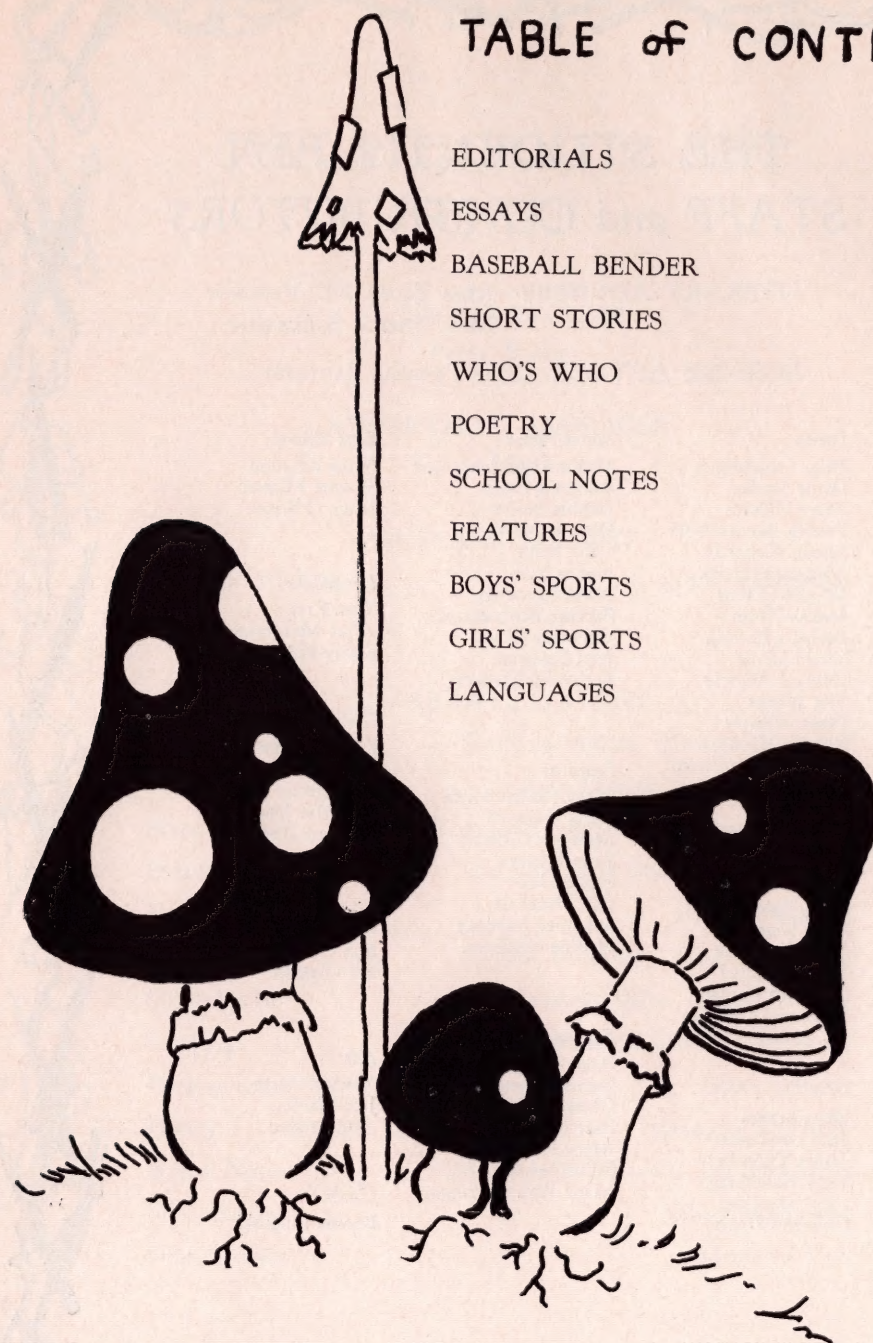
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EDITORIALS

What Price . . . ?

By Peter Russo, '65

IN SOCIETY there is a most pertinent question, which, though it has faced other generations, confronts ours probably more than any other. That query, a moral one, centers about cheating.

The word cheating, though known by many, means influencing or defeating by means of fraud, deceit, and/or trickery. It is utilized by a person to procure results most beneficial to him in any possible way he can. It is therefore one which confronts us as students as well as any businessman or official, etc., who desires to "get ahead" in the world.

The present generation faces this perhaps more than the others. Standards are higher; competition in every conceivable field is becoming tougher and tougher. Is this not the breeding place for cheating?

In answer to this question I will cite the recent cheating scandal at the United States Air Force Academy in which one hundred and five cadets resigned because of activity in a cheating ring. This scandal rocked the nation and rightly so, for these cadets are supposed to be "the cream of the crop" academically, scholastically, and morally.

There are basically three reasons given for the scandal. The first concerns the controversial honor code. Each cadet, upon entering his class at the academy, swears that he will not cheat and also not tolerate any other cadet cheating. Cheating, in itself, is definitely morally wrong; and telling on someone else who is in the act appears good in black-and-white. But in practice, this second phase is perhaps somewhat weaker. For if you witness your best friend cheating, would you reveal this to a higher authority, thus putting your friend in jeopardy of expulsion? Though many were expelled for cheating itself, there were others who were expelled because they

failed to report their knowledge of another's cheating.

The second reason concerns the competition for rank in class which is so fierce, fast, and furious that many are drawn into this ignominious practice. The reason for this competition is that the higher the cadet's rank in class, the faster and undoubtedly higher he will attain in rank in the Air Force after his graduation.

The third reason concerns the Air Force Academy itself, which, like any other athletically inclined institution, is immersed in the practice of recruiting. This is a practice used to have top athletes come to the academy or university, as the case may be. This often results in neglecting the academic side of the athlete. Here again with the strict schedule and high academic standards which the cadet follows is a breeding place for cheating. In fact, it is generally known and accepted that a large percentage of the academy's football players were involved and subsequently dismissed as a result of the scandal.

Well, the scandal is now over and done with. Certain phases of the generally accepted reasons for the scandal have been both criticized and defended. The academy itself has been criticized. Yet the question of honesty lingers in our minds. Are we to have dishonesty in government, school, and business? It is a dreadful, but sobering thought. For in the United States, the people through the Constitution are granted personal freedoms, the bases of which are honesty and integrity.

This element of cheating must be faced by everyone. Especially we, the new generation, the leaders of the future, must face it and be aware of it, in turn ask ourselves: what price honesty?

This Formidable Year

By Judy Nadelberg, '65

THE SENIOR year growing period many of us are in is a rather amazing timed action. It is not something one can definitely name, unless one uses that rather worn-out "maturity," but it certainly does produce effects. Take the mass in the halls, for instance. There are sophomores, who look in love with the world or, perhaps, with that new student in geometry; the juniors, who act as though life is one set of trials after another and who can best be described as drooping (just another year to go, kids!); the seniors, who look as though they are off on some deserted island of thought and who, no doubt, are responsible for a good number of the hit-and-runs in the halls. It is this head-in-the-clouds trance that seems to distinguish them from the others. And what causes this trance? Perhaps it is the sudden realization that in a matter of months they will be on their own, whether in college or at work. This secure life that they have led during their first eighteen years is slipping away, and there is absolutely nothing they can do to stop it.

The senior is like the young bird poised for flight, on the threshold of life: he is excited, nervous, anxious. The nest with all its warmth is behind him, the world with all its cold, unknown dangers, ahead. He knows that his training, the guidance given him were supposed to be preparing him, but has he the nerve, the feeling for the application of that training which he so desperately needs: will his wings support him? It is this uncertainty about his future, his ability, himself that makes him restless, seemingly aimless no matter how perfect his plans are.

Well, (and this is directed to sophomores, juniors, and suffering new teachers who are wondering what is wrong with a third of the student body) there is nothing anyone can do about this state of affairs because the senior does not even know he is any different.

He still continues studying (?), eating, sleeping, going to games, and anything else that seems to please his conscious mind. Outwardly, he dresses the same or in the same way he used to, discusses the same things (with college usually monopolizing the conversation), beats out the same staccato rhythm on the desktops. But his thoughts—ah, there is the rub! (Please pardon, Mr. Shakespeare.) He mouths much pseudo-mature revelations and ponders his own inability or hesitancy to try out his imaginary wings. While he sports those odd trappings of a village philosopher, he actually wonders whether he has the maturity to some day express his own philosophical thought. But this introspection is a good thing, for it marks the beginning of true maturity. If the senior were to profess to maturity, he would indeed have very little of it: he would only be deluding himself by considering himself to be "adult" in thoughts and action (hence, teen-age smoking and drinking), by believing he has reached the stage at which he can combine his limited and slanted experiences into an effective, pliable means for opinion. But in this process of realization through which he is now going, he is beginning to "take stock" of himself and is taking that important interim step.

So, the next time you are the victim of an accident in the halls or you neglect to receive a response from a senior friend, try to "grin and bear it." Remember: only one or two years yet separate you from The Formidable Year.

From the Berkshire Eagle

Thought for today. If you want to find out how long it will take you to reach the top, consult a calendar. If you want to know how long it takes to fall to the bottom, try a stop watch.

A Good Year

By Peter Seremet, '65

THE U. S. Economics Course has been given a boost this year by Mr. Paul Rodhouse. In addition to doing a fine job teaching economics at P.H.S., Mr. Rodhouse has initiated the buying of stock by his classes. He feels that active participation by students in American economics can be profitable, both mentally and financially.

Mr. Rodhouse allowed each of his classes to invest in the corporation of its choice to promote wise buying. Each class did research on the stock it planned to buy and, accompanied by Mr. Rodhouse, representatives from each class purchased stock at Wood & Walker's. Among the winners has been the purchasing class of Burndy stock. Burndy is a producer of electrical parts for industry and public utilities, and was bought at $14\frac{5}{8}$ per share. It has soared to $20\frac{1}{2}$ per share and its buyer will enjoy a fine profit.

Another class bought into Remington Arms, a producer of sporting arms. The class discovered that the stock had been fairly stable in the past years and had paid an annual dividend of 5.1% since 1936 and purchased it for $11\frac{7}{8}$. It now stands at $13\frac{1}{8}$ and although it has not gained tremendously, it does stand for a profit.

Other stocks which have meant profit for their buying classes have been: Mohasco, which has gone from $15\frac{3}{8}$ to $17\frac{1}{2}$; Sun Chemical, from $11\frac{1}{8}$ to $13\frac{1}{2}$; and General Lime, which has increased from $13\frac{1}{8}$ to $14\frac{1}{2}$.

The only purchase which has not brought a profit has been Pacific Petroleum which has dropped from $11\frac{1}{8}$ a share to $10\frac{1}{2}$. But 5 out of 6 is certainly a fine average.

On April 8th, many economics students toured New York's Wall Street with their teachers, taking in the N. Y. Stock Exchange, the American Stock Exchange, the Federal Reserve, and other interesting sights.

With all this, it has certainly been a good year for U. S. Economics at P.H.S.

Ace Photographer

By Gail Danckert, '66



If you've enjoyed the pictures in THE STUDENT'S PEN and the Young Berkshire section of the Eagle, you can thank Jerry LeBeau for this excellent job. Photography is his major interest and he has been editor of the photography section of THE PEN for two years and of the Dome this year. Just lately, Jerry won the first prize photography award for his pictures in the Young Berkshire section of the Eagle. Besides this Jerry finds time to participate in other school activities. He's been a member of the math and science clubs, and for the last two years he's worked on the stage and lighting crew for the class play. In his junior year he was the manager of the hockey team. Other major interests in Jerry's life are skiing, reading, and music. Next year he will attend Tufts College with a major in biochemistry or physiology. Jerry hopes that this will allow him a future career in research or teaching.

Teen-age girl in stationery store: "Can I exchange this 1964 diary for a 1965 one? Nothing happened!"

Small fry to friend outside teen-age sister's bedroom: "It's called homework. They scatter some books around and then talk about boys."

ESSAYS

Mangled Modern Math

By Gary Green, '67

AT ONE time I found mathematics a most rewarding subject. In fact, I learned all of my arithmetic and part of my algebra by the good old logical, standard method. I used to read the explanations in the textbooks, and proceed to juggle the figures into perfect patterns on paper. Oh, math was such an orderly subject!

But, alas, all good things must come to an end. Into my life strode an ogre who sent my flawless mathematical ivory towers crashing to the ground, and left me in chaos and confusion. Yes, the fiend marched in: MODERN MATH (I shudder at the name). Permit me to explain my horror.

Modern Mathematics aims to force the student to think a little about why math is such a logical subject, and to reason things out for himself. Now, there's absolutely nothing wrong with that—I'm all for thinking. However, this goal is accomplished, apparently, by writing the textbook so vaguely that the student must fill in most of the explanation himself! This creates infinite problems for the pupil. So that you may appreciate these problems, I would like to draw a small sketch of a Modern Math victim doing his homework one night.

The innocent, ignorant student sits at his desk, ready to embark upon the day's lesson. The book plunges right in.

"In the last lesson, we saw that X and Y coordinates may be graphed. Now, were we to twist the X-axis around to the left, what would be the result?"

The student, confused already, doesn't know what the result would be. "What would it be?" asks he.

But does Mr. Modern Math answer the question? Oh no—he goes right on!

"Judging from this result, do you see what would happen if we twisted the Y-axis to the left?"

"I don't see!" says the student, even more frustrated.

There is not a moment's hesitation from Modern Math: "Now, if we had twisted both axes at once, what would have happened?"

"I'll twist you!" The student begins to scream and wildly tear out pages of the book.

It is all to no avail, though: "In the following one hundred and seventy-seven examples, show the result of the inversion of the entire graph."

The student, who, of course, didn't understand even the first sentence, is by now rolling on the floor and throwing a tantrum. After the space of several minutes, though, he gets up, dries his tears, and begins to grope through the assignment. By the time he finishes, he has been able to do half of the examples, and of these, most likely, he has done half wrong. The poor pupil collapses on the floor, his hair rumpled and his face a pale green. He had better recover, though—he will have to fully depend upon all the "knowledge" he has gained tonight in order to fill in tomorrow's unsaid material!

Every cloud has a silver lining, though. I had to rip up the cloud to get at the lining, but I can say one thing for Modern Math. When (and if) you learn something by this process, you've *learned* it—it's engraved in blood upon your back. In fact, there is (occasionally) even hope that someday you will be able to decipher just one lesson in *Mangled Modern Math*.

'En Garde' Inferior Man - Superior Machine

By James Thornber, '65

IT IS after midnight one evening during the height of a Presidential campaign when John Q. Jones, incumbent President running for re-election, a man with a law degree from Harvard, a politician for 31 years, former Army officer, who, now haggard and weary from an arduous day of campaigning, enters an immaculate octagonal shaped room. Standing in the center of the room as if in a trance he glares at the eight walls, each of which is occupied by a panel with an array of colored lights blinking in a random pattern, an assortment of grotesque switches and dials, and rotating spools of recording tape. What the President is gazing at is MAC-1, a newly developed electronic

memory capacity a thousand times greater than any previous computer and infinitely more accurate than the memory of any human being. MAC-1 was educated over a period of months by a panel of the most renowned authorities on every field and subject known to man, and given the combined knowledge of smaller computers located throughout the country. Even more fantastic, the erudite computer has the ability to store, analyze and solve a problem from any type of data presented to it on the spot, all in a matter of seconds. The machine is not vexed by any of the emotions which plague man and is capable of completely impartial decisions on any subject. MAC-1 needs neither vacation nor sick leave as it is not susceptible to fatigue or illness and for that matter it analyzes anything irregular in its own circuits and prescribes corrective measures.

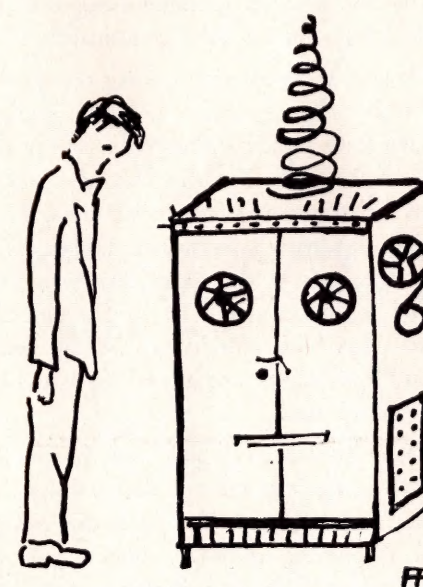
Yes, President Jones is perplexed and why shouldn't he be—this machine he is staring at is the *opposing candidate* in the upcoming Presidential Election.

Although this story and the computer are purely hypothetical a situation such as this may arise in the future of this generation or the next. If you had the choice who would you cast your vote for Man or Machine?

Churchill: Man and Legend

By Craig Spiewak, '66

IT WOULD be difficult for a member of our generation to write a fitting memorial to Sir Winston Churchill, for the writer would probably use a great number of clichés, and end up with a page full of meaningless, bombastic words. We were not there during his "finest hour." We know only the legend which surrounds him, not the man. We read about him, see him on television news reels, and hear recordings of his deep, sonorous voice intoning living words. But we still have only an outline, not a true picture.



computer—the most complex, sophisticated thinking machine ever to be created by the hand of man. The ingenious device has a

Despite this, each of us was, if only slightly, moved and saddened at his passing on January 24. We knew that he was an extraordinary person—he was a painter as well as a politician, a bricklayer as well as a biographer. It was recognized even before his death that his literary work would long outlive him. His war time speeches were works of art; John Kennedy, in awarding him honorary citizenship to the United States, said that he “mobilized the English language, and led it into battle.” Although of noble birth, he possessed something necessary for mortal recognition and immortal fame: love and respect for the common people.

Although a legend to us, he was a man for people such as our parents—especially for those who directly participated in the Great War. On January 30, 1965, after a great state funeral in his beloved London, he was quietly buried in a small parish churchyard at Bladon, only a few hundred yards away from Blenheim Palace, his birthplace. Now he is legend to all.

Happy Homework

By Terrence Hanlon, '66

HOMEWORK is a subject often discussed with disgust by Pittsfield High students, but never remedied. Don't give up hope!

After much thoughtful contemplation and research I have come up with a few guide posts to “happy homework.” The quality of the homework may suffer, less homework may get done, and more time may be required, but otherwise the system is flawless.

First of all, a proper attitude toward study must be attained. In order to be a joy, homework shouldn't interfere with other activities. Remember, “there's always time for studying,” and “you can finish it tomorrow in homeroom.”

Avoid studying while listening to the radio. Guessing which “Voice Your Choice” candidate will become the new sound of the hour can be extremely distracting, and constant channel changing to avoid Manfred Mann is aggravating as well as time consuming. I would suggest a loud stereo victrola or conservative portable television instead.

A student should make it clear to his parents that he must not be interrupted while doing his homework. This discourages the possibility of being caught reading Mad Magazine or playing solitaire instead of drawing the graph of an ellipse whose foci have the given co-ordinates of the sum plus the Y axis.

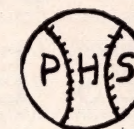
The 7A day can be used to great advantage by the “happy homework” student. The idea is to begin the homework in each subject and then convince yourself that the remaining seven-eighths can easily be finished during tomorrow's study.

Lunch period affords another excellent study for the remaining two or three periods of the day. The quiet, tranquil cafeteria is a perfect place for intensive concentration.

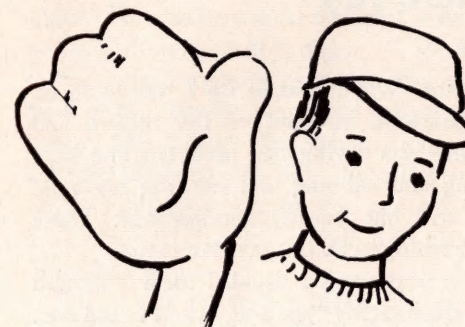
One last thing to remember is a convenient but rather risky system of doing homework. During sixth period arrange for a seat in the back of the room. From here do the assignment for tomorrow's first period class. Then during tomorrow's first period class, also from the back of the room, do the second period assignment, and so on through the school day. This eliminates carrying books to and from school, and adds extra hours for after-school fun.

Many students complain that homework is hard and tiring, but follow my rules and it can be a pleasure. Try them and watch your disposition improve. Watch yourself get more out of life by enjoying your studies. You'll be refreshed and vivacious; and don't worry about marks dropping because of my guide posts. I'm already working on an improved method of grading for the teachers.

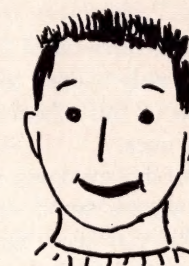
BASEBALL BENDER



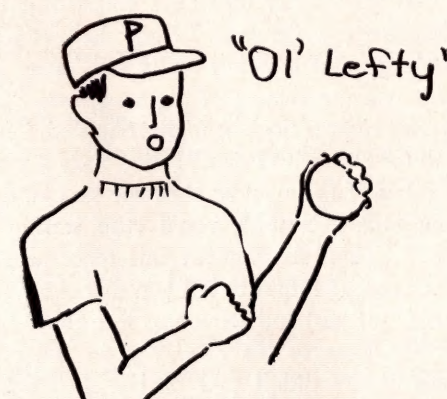
by Kathie Wineman
and
Denny Capitanio



I had 22% fewer
errors last year!



Did somebody
say “Pat”?!



“O! Lefty”

Gee, everybody throws
with the wrong hand
'cept me.



Okay, Coach, I
think that's enough
grounders for to-
day.



Aha! My answer
to the curve ball.



Hmm... O for 5—
I see this is a
good day.

SHORT STORIES

Dave's Letter

By Peter Danckert, '65

Dear Pete,

Three weeks, three dates and three wash-outs. It could only happen to me, kid. Two thousand girls in this school and I pick the three kookiest ones!

When Carol shot me down, it hit me pretty hard. After all, we went together for one solid year. But you know me, kid. I'm not one to hang around feeling sorry for myself. So I started to check the available talent and this one particular chick caught my eye. Her name was Jeanine and I met her in Biology class when Mr. Barnum picked us to dissect the earthworm together. I could tell right away that she had been around 'cause she used to wear all this black leather—skirt, shoes, blouse, everything. We hit it off pretty well there, thanks to the worm. Besides it turned me on when all that leather crinkled.

So I asked her out and of course she said yes. One thing sort of bugged me: she insisted on seeing the art film instead of James Bond. Well, I didn't want to blow the whole deal by arguing, so I said O.K. What a mistake!

As soon as we're inside the theatre, she started giving me a hard time. She wanted to sit in the very first row so she could immerse herself in the "symbols." In the *very first row*! So we went right up close like she wanted. The screen was so high that I had to creak my neck back into my shoulder blade to see anything.

After three hours it finally ended and we got up to leave. But I was blind from sitting so close up, so I couldn't see a thing. I was feeling my way along when I tripped and fell into some woman's lap. She started screaming at me to let go and then her husband (who I found out later was a karate expert) jumped up and judo-chopped me in

the neck. When I woke up I was lying on the sidewalk in front of the theatre and Jeanine was crying her head off. She kept yelling and sobbing and blowing her nose into this big, leather handkerchief. There was nothing to do but take her home.

The next week I decided to look around for a more earthy-type and, man, I found one. Joe recommended this girl he met at a dance. He said she was kind of on the odd side but he also said she was a knock-out so I agreed to a blind double date.

We picked her up last. I knocked at the door and out she came. I think she was good looking but I couldn't really tell 'cause she was wearing these real big sunglasses—and it was eight o'clock at night! She said, "Just call me Shades O'Brien." I didn't say a word I was so faked out! So then she said kind of angry-like—"I wish you'd stop staring at me." Then she vaulted this fence around her house (I forgot to tell you that she was a broad jumper) and scrambled into the car.

We went to the movies again and even *then* Shades didn't take off the shades. She wore them all night. It was terrible. When we let her off at her place, I walked her up to the door. She turned around, thanked me for a nice evening and started to go in but I stopped her.

"Hey Shades," I said, "you look like the Lone Ranger. Why don't you take off your shades so I can see you?"

She pondered a bit then she smiled and took them off. She really was pretty in a way except that on account of the sunglasses the pupils of her eyes were so dilated that she looked like she had two bowling balls in her head. I shuddered and left quickly.

My last date was the worst of the lot.

Having sworn off blind dates forever, I decided to get back to the wholesome type and what's more wholesome than a cheerleader? I met one, a short blonde named Candy, and made a date for Friday night—last Friday night. This was a special occasion, a formal, so I really had to make it big.

She looked awfully pretty in that short, pink gown, like she was made out of cotton candy. She moved like cotton candy, too, all sort of floaty and soft. To tell you the truth, I was gone on her five minutes after I met her. It was that blonde hair plus her cute little giggle.

But it was not to be. There was this big line of athletes — footballers, trackmen, even those skiers ————— waiting for her. Somebody yelled, "Here she comes!" and then they mobbed her and made her promise each one of them a dance. She said yes to everybody from the captains to the water boys. After this fiasco, we fought our way inside.

"Safe at last," I thought, but no!

"EeeeeeeCandyCandyCandyoverhereoverherehey!" It was the other ten cheerleaders jumping around and screaming like banshees. Candy turned to me and screeched, "I have to go over and see them, hee-hee. I'll just be a minute, hee-hee."

I spent that minute and the next three hours hee-heeing grimly to myself as I waited for her by the bandstand. At eleven thirty, she honored me with her presence.

"Gee, where have you been?" she asked. "I've been looking all over for you!"

"It's not important," I sighed. "Let's get our coats and leave."

So we left. There was only one bright spot in the whole evening. As we said our good-nights at her door she said that she had loved being with me and that she liked me so much that she was going to do something extra special for me. With that she hung her stole on the mailbox and looked me lovingly in the eye. "Aha!" I thought, "this is it!" But it wasn't. Right there on the steps Candy cupped her hands around her mouth, yelled my name and performed what is called a

"set-up." She spun around, leaped high in the air in a leg-spreading jump and drove her spiked high-heel directly down on my unsuspecting big toe.

After my anguished shriek had subsided, she ruefully patted my forehead and told me that she was sorry.

"Thanks and goodnight," I said as I limped painfully back to the car.

That was my three big weeks, kid, and I've had it. I will never go out with any girl as long as I live!

Dave

P.S. But there is this one that is kind of cool. She goes around with a big, plastic saxophone slung over her shoulder. I think I might ask her out when I get this cast off my foot.

After Death

By Judi Lawrence, '65

THE CASKET had just been lowered into the ground. The huge space, with just a tiny speck of the casket now showing, was almost filled with the inorganic particles of dirt. The wreaths of flowers were being laid on, while the last prayers were being said. Finally, after the final show of feelings were expressed, I was alone.

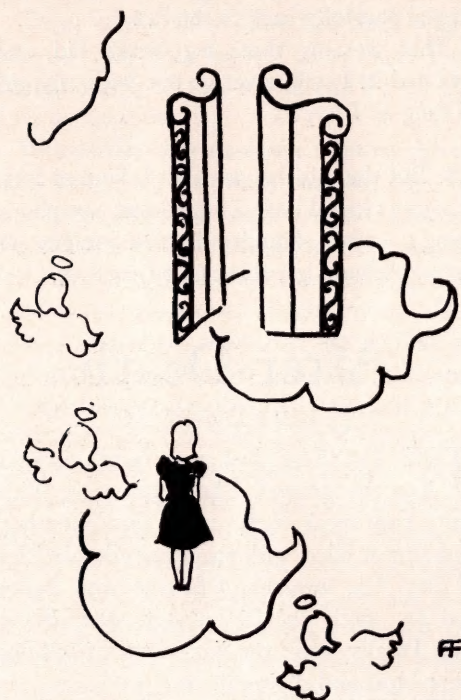
The musty odor of the casket was unbearable, and I started to cough. My expensive silk brocaded dress, in which they had laid me out was specked with tiny bits of dust.

Between the end of that month and the beginning of the coming month I waited to see what would come. Nothing came and it was awfully hard to keep my wits about me. Finally after a longer period of time, this is what happened:

The light which filled the casket was unbearably bright. If you laid row upon row of luminous lights you couldn't begin to compare them to this particular light. This ray of light glistened like millions of huge diamonds set against a silver reflector.

Suddenly I heard singing! I opened my eyes and looked around. Before me, slowly descending that ray of light, were fourteen

angels. Their hair was the color of gold, and blended with the halos above their heads. The wings and robes were the color of ivory and resembled the purity, innocence, and cleanliness for which they stood. Seven of my angels (I called them mine because they were sent after me) were playing harps while the other seven were singing "Alleluia." I



rubbed my eyes twice and made sure I wasn't dreaming.

All of a sudden the singing stopped and the brightest of the fourteen angels came down the ray of light, which now resembled a glass stairway, and held out her hand for me to come with them. I stood up and went with her. Because I was still human I couldn't walk up the stairway and had to be carried by five of the fourteen angels.

I was finally deposited before a huge gate made of gold, and left there to await my destiny. I can't describe what I saw or what took place before my very own eyes, because it was something nobody could put into words well enough to describe or reveal.

Now I am happy in this world of peace and love, for which I will always be grateful.

So when you see a shooting star you can be sure that another soul has been lifted and fitted for wings!

A Reminiscence

By Judy Nadelberg, '65

HOWEVER you look at it, spring is a wonderful time. There are lovely puddles after showers, and globs of wonderful, oozy mud to roll in, and tender new leaves to munch on. Momma used to tell me that tiny leaves are the best kind, but we couldn't get them often—woodchucks can't reach up that far, so Horse would get them first when they were most luscious. This used to annoy me terribly. After all, it wasn't my fault that I was born so short, so why should I have to content myself with bark and old, overgrown weeds. All weeds, no matter how young they are, taste like mashed milkweed pods. Now no doubt mashed milkweed pods are wonderful for your complexion (they make the hair retain that stylish matted look), but they taste simply horrid. I figured by the time I had reached the age of one that my mother shouldn't be able to tell me what I should eat. I wanted new green leaves, *not* mashed milkweed pods. Momma could have all she wanted, even mine. (Don't let anyone tell you that all mothers aren't the same.)

Now with hibernation over, I became determined to brave all comers to have a tasty green dessert, so I waddled out of the front hole onto the People's back lawn. I know of some delightful, fewly-bugged elm trees nearby (which will do when there aren't any maples), so I scampered across Mrs.'s garden (m-m-m, daffodils!) and hid behind one of the largest of the elms. I have always been rather vain about my figure, which is absolutely divine, so it isn't too plump and I didn't fear being seen by Bowser (yuck—what a name!), the family dog.

Have you ever looked up a tree rom aboutf a foot off the ground? It is rather startling at first, but nothing is too much for a stout-

hearted, red-blooded American woodchuck, especially a very hungry one. At this time I feel an obligation to my reader (if I have one) to describe the People's poor excuse for a yard. Since we are out in the country, there are no restrictions on how the place must look. The house is large and white and has some awful-tasting stuff climbing up a very hard chimney. There are loads of wonderful bushes which are off limits for me, since I can't run as fast as Bowzer, and about ten trees around the house (they also hide the outhouse in back). Now, while this may sound nice to you, it is sheer agony for me. First of all, the Boy, who is supposed to trim the lawn with some infernal machine (may my brother rest in peace and piece!), usually he "forgets" to do so and, consequently, I have a jungle from my front door to my back. Last year, when I was just a pup, I was lost for two days and finally ate myself home. Secondly, Mrs. keeps these ridiculous gardens (the only decent flowers are the daffodils) and the vegetable patches are fenced around by chicken(!) wire. Of all the insults. Poor Pop spends most of his old age just sitting in front of the cucumbers, drooling. I hate to see a man drool—it's so pathetic. But, getting back to my tour, there is this little pool in the back that is filled with some moth-eaten goldfish. Oh, beautiful! Last week Sis went out before she should have, fell in, and froze there. It took us all day to chew her out and oh, how my teeth ached! Is this fair? Is it our fault that we were born chucks instead of children? After all, with a little luck we might have been some of Them.

Well, anyway, the elm tree where I was then standing is next to the house and I was getting mighty hungry and just as frustrated. My nails are nice and long and sturdy but I knew they couldn't possibly hold out, so that ruled out climbing. I even thought of hitching a ride from a passing squirrel, but they are too anemic this time of year. So, I had to use a bit of ingenuity. There was this rope hanging from one of the lower branches with which Boy played something he called "Ape," whatever that is. It was a rather

strong rope, as ropes go, because Boy is no light-weight. I thought that it would be a simple matter for me to swing up to a higher branch or even to shinny up the rope because, after all, what has a Child got over me? Well, I managed to climb onto the big ball at the end of the rope but, try as I might, I couldn't budge that thing an inch. Then I hooked my claws into the rope and tried to climb. I got perhaps two feet above the ball and slipped back, hitting the ground with a thud I felt would surely bring that hound on the run. I discreetly retreated behind one of the daffodils and waited. No dog. Despite my aching rear end and sore tail, I was determined to conquer. I scrunched down, dug in my paws, and launched myself at the rope. I hit that ball with all the speed of a woodchuck John Glenn in orbit and soared into one of my own. I swung up and around, up and around the branch until my head and the ground weren't receiving each other and I and the ball were atop the wound branch. I couldn't believe it. Here I was and here were those leaves (no moral: they aren't sour) and there on the ground was one confused hound dog.

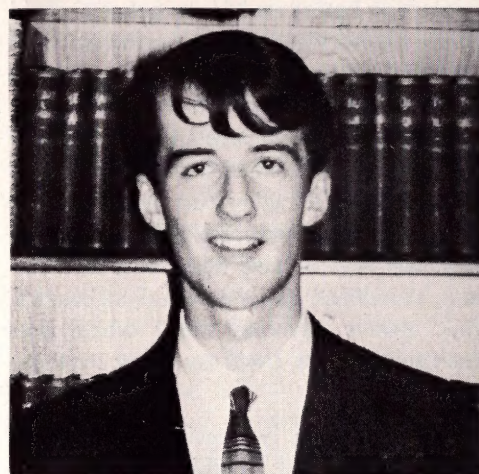
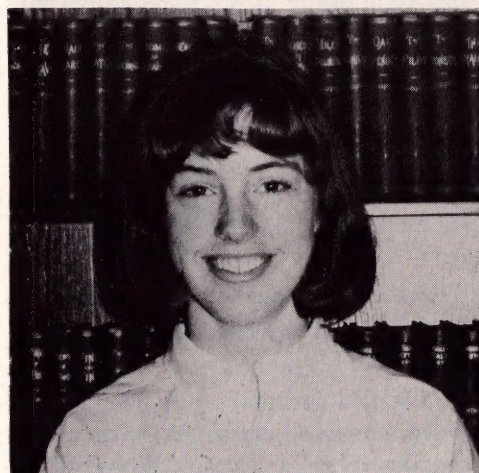
"R-r-roof?" he asked, cocking his head.

"Ch-ch-ch!" I answered. I never speak intelligently to dogs.

So I settled down for a nice, long feast in my green tree-top restaurant with only a loquacious robin as company. Bowzer didn't particularly bother me because nobody would believe his story and, after all, of what use is a wacky dog? Indeed, I am writing to you now from my penthouse in the sky (mainly because I can't get down) and although my parents are worried and I am slightly height-sick and have a raging tummy-ache, I am enjoying myself immensely. It has rained only once since I have taken over an oversized, abandoned bird's nest and, although I don't always advocate living where you aren't supposed to, I will say to try anything once.

In closing this nonsensical narrative, I have only one word: "HELP!"

WHO'S WHO



AND WHY

BAXTER LANE

In case you missed the charming, pig-tailed cheer-leader at the St. Joe rally, it was Baxter Lane, our Senior Class President. When he isn't busy attending committee meetings and presiding over the Senior Class Council, Baxter participates in intramural sports, including basketball and softball. In his sophomore and junior years he was a member of the football and wrestling teams where he was fondly referred to as "Porky." He is an active member of the Pep Club and is on the advertising staff of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. Baxter has had three good years at P.H.S., and his future plans include a college education at the University of Massachusetts.

SUE CARMELL

Here is Sue Carmell, a very active senior, who has been a sophomore homeroom representative and has been on the Junior Class Council. She now is a member of the Student Council, G.A.A., and Pep Club and is a Cadette officer. At the Girls Club she has taught swimming for three years and last summer at Onota Lake she held a lifeguard job. She is also on the Girls' Ski team, *THE STUDENT'S PEN* staff and *In General* staff. For both the Senior and Junior Proms, Sue was named co-chairman of the Music Committee.

JIM NAGLE

A very popular senior this year is Jim Nagle. As a college prep student with English honors, Jim has attained the distinction of National Merit semi-finalist. Jim also is an assistant editor of *THE PEN* and Class Day co-chairman, and was P.H.S.'s spokesman at the annual Rally Dance prior to the P.H.S.-St. Joseph's football game. Last year Jim served as a homeroom representative. Recently first prize of a \$50 savings bond was awarded Jim for submitting the best essay in the United Nations Essay Contest.

MARY JANE FERRORO

Meet Mary Jane Ferrero, one of this year's most active seniors. Mary Jane has belonged to the Pep Club and the G.A.A. for three years, and in her sophomore and junior years she was a homeroom representative. Last year she did a good job on the Junior Prom Invitation Committee.

This year Mary Jane is a member of the Senior Class Council, she is co-editor of the School Notes Staff of *THE PEN*, and co-chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee. She is also on the scenery committee for the senior class play.

PETER SEREMET

A familiar face around P.H.S. is that of Peter Seremet. This year Pete was chosen to be co-chairman of the Christmas Decorating Committee and he certainly did a good job in brightening up our lobby with colorful ornaments and cheery Christmas scenes. Pete is also a letterman on the track team. He finds time in his busy schedule to serve as a member of the Senior Class Council, and co-editor of the Boys' Sports section of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. Pete, who is a student in the college prep course, plans to enter Alliance College in Pennsylvania in September with a major in journalism.

MARILYN COX

Meet Marilyn Cox—a very active senior! This year Marilyn was chosen to serve as a co-chairman for the Class Day activities. She says that there will be much in store on that day for the "sad" seniors who have to leave P.H.S. Marilyn is also editor of the subscription staff of *THE PEN* and a homeroom representative. During both her Junior and Senior years she has been a member of the Prom music committee. Marilyn has worked very hard during her years at P.H.S. She has been a member of the college prep course and has carried English Honors for three years.

POETRY

HAIKU

The brilliant sun
falling to the horizon:
pendulum forcing time.

Margaret Plante

Mountains in winter,
white peaks of snow in the sky:
Sails, on the blue water.

Samuel Kennedy

Chalk skimming across
a limitless blackboard-sparks
firing our limited knowledge.

Patrick Bonavitacola

The old year softly settling:
mud at the bottom of a flowing stream
soon hardens into stone.

Joseph Gavin

Imploring arms widespread,
reaching for things beyond their grasp;
branches stretch toward the sky.

Bethany Lincoln

As the sun sinks in the sky
the tired day rubs his heavy eyes
and heaves a sigh.

Wayne Collins

I THINK YOU'RE SWELL

By Diane Curley, '65

Gee whiz, kid, I think you're swell . . .
You do everything you should.
You're nice and understanding;
You're awful kind and good.
You always lend a helping hand;
You listen and advise.
You're lots of fun to be with,
Yet, Aristotle-wise.
I like the way you look at life—
Make it golden, gay and fine.
Gee whiz, old kid, I sure am glad
That you're a friend of mine.

LIFE

By David L. Lahue, '65

Often I sit
and wonder
of what life
is all about.

Often I sit
and say to myself:
Why must I go on
in such a world?

I think
of all the greed,
hypocrisy, and suffering
and say: My God!
Why must I go on?

And then I think
of all the good:
the sacrifices, the loves,
and above all
the children.

Then I know
I must go on,
my questions unanswered,
but with new hope.

But men before me
have asked these questions
and those follow
will do the same.

And when a man can answer them
then should all men die
for the meaning of living
shall be gone.

A TALE UNTOLD

By Peter Gillispie, '65

The dark winding streets
echoed with the
searching songs of the
old man,
blindly sitting there
with the cherished guitar,
strumming out melodies
that fell deaf
to the ears of every
passer-by.
Melodies—ringing
of their own greatness
and truth—but
always forgotten.

Snowy white hair,
a deeply lined face,
and clear sparkling eyes
that betrayed his thoughts
made him a saint
in rags.

So out of place
this saint seemed,
yet so fitting.

People dropped in
their coins with a
clang
of pity and guilt,
not understanding and
love.

This was the final
defeat;
no one cared;
no one stopped to learn
his tale of life.

Emptiness filled his
corner one day,
he had died with
a tale untold.



ON DEFEAT . . .

By Stephen Rosenbaum, '65

At bat, a hope,
apprehension,
for the impossible
The improbable home run.
A glance at the pitcher,
serene, aloof,
on his mound
That is the limit
of his self-world.
A sigh, distant, foolish,
castles in the air,
mud below.
Reality grins cruelly,
a mocking snicker.
From without
comes the word,
the dismissal.
To have been
matched with HIM,
to have achieved
the ultimate.
Defeat, futile pursuance
at the outset,
but explain why.
One can not strike out
If he has never been to bat.

MORNING MEDITATION

By Paige S. Gensheimer, '66

As I sit by waters blue
I know the sun will rise;
I think of what is yet to come
with every night that dies.

I know that new adventures
will be in store for me;
they lurk behind the shadows
of every single tree.

Is it for me to seek them out
or wait 'til they appear;
but if I sit and wait for them
they'll never come, I fear.

Adventure never finds you
'til you yourself find it;
it's not a thing that's meant
For those who wait and sit.

RAINBOW

By Diane Curley, '65

Heartache is not plaguing you alone—
How problems swamp us—each unto his own
And yet, this thought must keep your faith,
my friend;
There is a rainbow, lovely rainbow, at the
end.

You are not alone who feels the bitter tears
And looks with saddened eyes to the doomed
and darkened years.
And yet, with patience, bear what must be
met;
There is a rainbow, lovely rainbow, at the
end.

You are not apart from those who feel great
strife
Or know that hurt will follow us through
life.
But to *dream*, to *hope* is far from false pre-
tend;
There *IS* a rainbow, lovely rainbow, at the
end!

THE LARGE HOP

By Pamela Mason, '65

The little bunny trembled
As he faced the waiting world.
From the safety of his burrow
To such vastness was he hurled.

He gazed in awe about him,
And wished so much to hide.
Turning to his mother,
He begged to go inside.

The older rabbit turned her head
To look the other way.
Against her heart she made it clear,
No longer could he stay.

Timidly, the bunny hopped
To meet life face to face.
He caught his breath, then hopped away,
A rabbit in his place.

CONGRATULATIONS!

By Mary Gillette, '66

Listen my children and you will hear,
Of a fateful adventure of the P.H.S. skiers,
With our cheers and our blessings, off they
went,
To conquer a title was their intent.

At seven-thirty on a Friday morn,
The team departed with ere a groan.
With the Pittsfield State Forest as their desti-
nation,
They started out without hesitation.

That same Friday morn at 12:05 sharp,
The cross country ended with Pete Robbie
on top
The slalom finished at approximately 3:06,
And third on the list was Charley Good-
rich.

Early next morning the ski meet resumed,
With a downhill at ten, ending at noon.
Three times down and the jumping was o'er,
So, they headed back to the lodge once
more.

Back at the lodge with their fingers crossed,
They waited to see who won and who lost.
The awards were presented by a lovely
queen,
And then came the crucial part of the
scene.

The Pittsfield High ski team emerged out on
top,
But, who'd get skimeister, Goodrich, Wol-
cott?
The people grew tenser; the moment drew
near,
Then our Charley Goodrich proved the
best skier!

And so as the tedious day drew nigh,
The team started home, their spirits quite
high.
And so we give praise and quite a few cheers,
To Coach Benedetti and the P.H.S. skiers!

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SCHOOL NOTES

JUNIOR COMMITTEES

The week after the Junior elections, the newly chosen Junior Class Council met and elected two chairmen each for the three junior committees.

The co-chairmen of the Ring Committee are Gail Danckert and Bill Bannick. After the committee was chosen, there were three meetings during which the Herff-Jones Company was chosen as the supplier.

The Goodwill Committee has as its co-chairmen this year Carole Collins and Ernie West. One member for the committee was chosen from each homeroom. This committee represents the Junior Class whenever a member of that class is in need of good will.

At that same meeting Kathy Porter and Dave Glodt were elected general co-chairmen of the Junior Prom. "Carnival" was the theme chosen by the decorating and house committee chairmen.

STUDENT'S PEN EDITOR—'65-'66

A junior here at P.H.S., Gail Danckert has been chosen as next year's editor-in-chief of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. She is presently enrolled in the C.P. course and has been on the Honor Roll. In school, she is a Cadette and a member of the G.A.A. and Pep Club in addition to having been the Features' editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*. She is also co-chairman of the Ring Committee. Her outside activities include working as a Senior Leader at the Girls Club and as a hospital volunteer at Pittsfield General.

CHEERLEADERS' CAPTAIN—'65-'66

One of the most outstanding members of the Junior Class is Kathy Conry. Just recently, Kathy was chosen as the captain of the varsity cheerleaders for next year. She is an Honors Science and English student who somehow manages to maintain an Honor Roll average in spite of her many varied



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS—Left to right: Karen Bonnavier, Assistant Treasurer; Dennis Capitanio, Treasurer; Pat Johnson, Girls' Vice President; Baxter Lane, President; Brian Kellogg, Boys' Vice President; Sue Morley, Treasurer.



SENIOR PLAY CO-CHAIRMEN, George Davis and Judy Congress.

activities. In school Kathy is a member of the G.A.A. Board, Pep Club, the Student and Class Councils, the Scenery Committee of the Senior Class Play and she is a co-chairman of the Prom Refreshment Committee. Next year Kathy will be the senior editor of Girls' Sports for *THE STUDENT'S PEN*.

SENIOR PROM

Under the chairmanship of Darlene Shaver and Gene Curletti, the theme of the Senior Prom was chosen to be "Shangri-La." The prom will be held on the 15th of June.

The other chairmen are:

Decorations—Jan Sides and Bruce Powell
Programs—Jackie Faustine and Chris Cross
House—Chris Eulian and Bob Nesbit
Invitations—Carol Stentiford and Jim Treat
Refreshments—Ginger Hopf and John Finn
Checking—Barb Rizzo and Bill Putnam
Reception—Pam Beehler and Leonard Singleton
Tickets—Debbie Monteleone and John Lovejoy
Music—Sue Carmell and Ray Taylor

SENIOR PLAY

"The Pajama Game" to be put on by the Senior Class May 14 and 15, has Judy Congress and George Davis as its two co-chairmen. The play, set in a pajama factory, presents an exciting struggle between the management, and the workers, who are demanding a 7½ cent raise. With a love story as a sub-plot, "The Pajama Game" is a hilarious comedy.

Other chairmen for the production are:
Acknowledgments and Invitations — Mike Coltrara, Marcia Aronstein
Tickets—Gary Hydinger, Nancy Brown
Ushers—Dom Caparello, Charlene Simo
Publicity—Pete Danckert, Gail Brogan
Production Secretary—Lynne Cutler
Costumes—Tim Strattner, Judy Albano
Lighting—Kristine Rutka
Programs—Jeff Hine, Kathie Wineman
Make-up—Pam Beehler, Anne Sildoja
Posters—Ray Tart, Charles Colombari
Sets and Scenery—Bill McCauley, John Grogan
Stage Manager—Dave Glodt
Properties—Tim Carlo

FEATURES

LOOKING BACK

Graduation for the class of '65 is coming up fast and soon all its antics and accomplishments will be history(!) What will our seniors remember most?

BAXTER LANE—meeting Kerry in front of the library.

JIM NAGLE—being Miss Curtin's prize bluffer.

JOE MOORE—Denise Ferland.

DAVE FERLAND—I'll have to think about that.

MARCIA ARONSTEIN—the gossip sessions during study.

WENDY LINSKOTT—the lockers!

ROS WALSH—cheerleading.

RON KASUBA—nothing really, I guess.

BILL McCAULEY—staring at Libby's back.

LIBBY FUNKE—having my back stared at.

PAT CASE—pickles at lunch.

LYNN KENYON—all the A's on my report card.

DARYL HOWARD—the empty seats in the cafeteria during third lunch.

KATHIE WINEMAN—Deb's pained (with me) look.

PAM MASON—waa-aa-aa!

TIM CARLO—Lynda.

GINGER HOPF—Mr. Herrick.

LINDA MANSFIELD—the Confederate flag.

JOHNNY BYRNES—wide-eyes and the sleeper.

HELEN KITTler—lunch on the run.

MARY MAGNER—janitor bells.

BILL HOPF—the lack of girls in Tech.

DONNA GIFTOS—"but of course", Mrs. Sol-nica.

TONI FURCINITE—not seeing teachers in the morning.

DON DAVIS—Pam and the social life.

CORKY HOOD—learning "more or less" about the Confederate defeat "down South" during the Civil War.

JAYNE GUGINO—having cake thrown in my soup.

IN THE FUTURE . . .

BRIAN KELLOGG will be writing serial (cereal) stories and Sue will be eating them up.

PETE TOWNES will be working for the Jolly Green Giant.

KAREN SOSIN will be able to talk like the rest of us.

"TOE" MARTIN will be president of the Metrecal Company.

JOANNE CADORETTE will have 3 million goldfish.

DON ROY will be editor of *Mademoiselle* magazine.

TOM ENRIGHT will have long hair.

MUGGINS will be pitching hay and milking cows.

AL CARNEVALE will be starring in a "Hercules" movie.

BILL STANHOPE will be able to ski without bending the poles.

JOHN (BULLWINKLE) CULVER will grow antlers.

LINDA ROBERTSON will be the first lady manager of the Friendly.

DAVE SOUTHARD will be on the N. Y. Giants.

BRUCE RADKE will overcome the power of Cassius Clay.

SUE LAZARUS will have a patent on adhesive contact lenses.

RAY MILLARD will have his own car—a red Jag, maybe?

"MOO" BONNIVIER will be a cattle rancher.

BILL LIBRIZZI will have his very own slot.

BEV BOTTO will overcome her hysterical enthusiasm at the movies.

MARK MORGANSTEIN will replace Jim Fisk on the Freddie Freihoffer Show and JIM MASSACANI will be the new Old Skipper.

JOE KELLAR will still be trying to convince people that he will be a pro golf star (someday).

RONNIE LEFAVE will learn how to snap his gum.

PET PEEVES

CAROL GIGLIOTTI—Car doors that don't open.

DAVE GLOTT—Varsity cheerleaders that get upset

SANDY RISPLER—Pliny, the younger

J. V. CHEERLEADERS—broken blood vessels in their hands

DIANE FROIO—direct objects

JOHN FINN—logic

SEAL MANDELL—rides in convertibles in 20° weather

BILL BRODERICK—girls who ask me what my "pet peeves" are.

PEGGY HOESKE—Cadette routines that start with your left foot and right hand.

PERTINENT QUESTIONS

Why is Richard Hinckley afraid in Latin?

Why does the third period physics class have a sudden liking for tea?

Does Sandy need anymore cough drops?

Has Bill B. danced in the park lately?

Why does Mike Brickly like Latin poetry?

Why is Kathy Conry's lucky number 11?

Why do Nadine and Seal use so many note cards?

Why does Carol Stentiford hate sunlamps?

BEST SELLERS

Les Miserables—P.H.S. after report cards

The Patriots—Pep Club

A Man for All Seasons—Tom Grieve

Men Without Fear—P.H.S. Hockey Team

Vanity Fair—Girls' room

Up From Slavery—I'm finally a Senior

A Night to Remember—G.A.A. Dance

Tale of Two Cities—Student's explanations to parents concerning report cards

Go Team Go—J.V. Cheerleaders

A Separate Peace—Student Body after Departmentals

Teen-age brother welcomes sister's suitor: "Come in. She's upstairs spinning her web."

CASEY'S COLUMN

The P.H.S. wheel is turning and another great class ('65 of course!) is slowly slipping away . . . what a time we've all had—some bad, but I think most of us would admit that it's been a real fun and worthwhile year (well . . .) we're sure Skip will never forget about those teethmarks of Josie's . . . and Ralph won't forget the "ripping" time he had in the Colonel's class . . . Jerry P. has given up trying to blow out car cigarette lighters . . . Did Ch-mene get the crash helmet she wanted for her birthday? . . . a chemistry honors student may be named Female Scientist of '65 for her discovery of Au in the William Street area . . . by the way, what does BADINK mean? . . . Oh, Bruce Elsensohn has been elected the first president of the General William Sherman fan club! Congratulations, Bruce! . . . Bette Tainter kept busy showing off her false eyelashes and Mitchell kept busy carrying Pam into the movies . . . I wonder if Bennet and Peyton have found any interested bridge players (female) yet . . . Albert, did your ring ever turn back to its original color? . . . Well, well, Dave Zink has come up with a new shade of glowing pink . . . Jimmy Hollister and Kevyn agree that their Saturday night classes made much progress . . . Karen S., is it true about that Princeton wrestler? . . . Pam B. and Sue S. seem to have done quite a bit of arguing over a certain "Garb" . . . if Mary Jane and Rob keep up their close watch over the Onota Lake water supply, we should never have trouble again! . . . speaking of trouble, Cliffie's got a lot—including some with the "thearer" . . . Joe Fabino hasn't been satisfied with the Union Square's refreshments . . . whoever is circulating that horrible rumor about Casey being a brownie is a dirty, Northern spy! (Never believe a montel) . . . I'll see you again next fall, kids . . . till then—have fun and be good!

Everybody's friend—Casey

High school boy to mother—"We had a multiple-guess test at school today."

BOYS' SPORTS

FALL, WINTER SPORTS REVIEW

Although this year's fall and winter athletic teams didn't win any titles, they gave an excellent account of themselves.

The football team, which posted a 6-win 3-loss mark, gained statewide acclaim by defeating Eastern Mass. powerhouses New Bedford and Brockton. The Generals also had some outstanding linemen on this team. Among them Dick Klemansky, who was the first player ever to win the "Lineman of the Week" award three times in succession, Bob James, who won the same award twice, and Co-Captain Bill Stanhope, whose outstanding leadership ability will be well remembered at Pittsfield High.

Next year's captains, Tommy Grieve, Mitch Massaconi, and Dale Watson are impatiently awaiting next year's St. Joe contest.

The basketball team made its worst showing record-wise in the N.B.L. in ten years. However, records don't tell the whole story. There was never one game that the hoopmen played that wasn't an exciting contest right to the end, and then the ball seemed to take a bad bounce. The worst bounce was when news was received that Co-Captain and leading scorer Tommy Grieve would not be able to play because of illness. Well, Tom will be back next year, and so will Mark Farrell, John Johnson, Mike Smith, Dave Sturma, Cliff Nilan, John Wilk and Craig Leslie, and these boys, like the football team, would like to straighten out a thing or two with a few opponents, namely a certain team called the Crusaders.

This year's hockey team had the same luck as the basketball team did. Every game they played was close and exciting, but the puck went into the other goal just at the wrong time. Boys like Marcel Leveque, Bill Stanhope, Mike Massaconi, Don Rochello and

Dan Powers made sure that there were no runaways.

Next year is another year, and those Springfield teams better be on their toes.

INTRAMURAL SPORTS

Pittsfield High's intramural sports program got into full swing following the Christmas holidays. A vast agenda was presented so as to please the most discriminating participant.

A vigorous 20-team basketball circuit culminated with the Kingsmen defeating the Phonies, each champions of their 10-team divisions, in the championship playoff. To complete the entire 180-game schedule Coaches Sylvester and Benedetti introduced "night games." These were played on week-day evenings and often as many as 6 games were completed in a night. Our thanks are extended to the physical education department, which along with Coach Joe Gleason, made intramural basketball such a big success.

However, this was only the beginning. Coach Sylvester also ran a highly popular wrestling program to supplement P.H.S.'s first inter-scholastic activity in this sport. Heavy emphasis was placed on fundamentals and basic drills. This is designed to boost Pittsfield's wrestling fortunes next season as the possibility exists that it may assume varsity status.

If Coach Sylvester does get wrestling a varsity status next year he will have to start almost from scratch since most of the boys in the Wrestling Club are seniors.

Another highly patronized event was inter-class table tennis. This effort ran for nearly two-weeks and produced Dave O'Brien, Tom Cowlin and Andy Keyes as sophomore, junior and senior champs, respectively. In further eliminations, Cowlin emerged as school champion.

Upcoming events include track and badminton and, if the previous programs are any indication of success these, too, will prove highly popular.

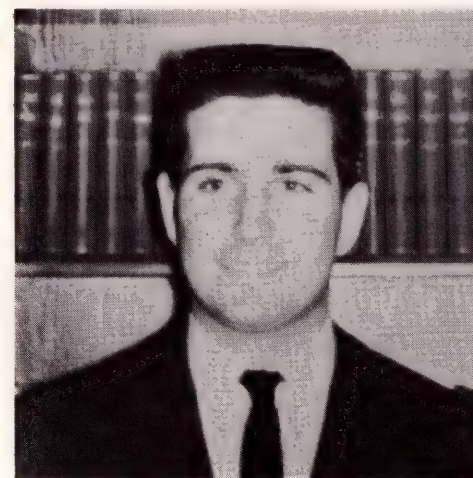
P.H.S. BASEBALL '65

The P.H.S. Baseball Team, under Coach Buddy Pellerin, aims for another N.B.L. title and for the State crown. With the material the team possesses, it could very well go all the way to the top. The team has its entire pitching staff returning with a year of experience under its belt, plus several headliners from last year.

In addition to many promising candidates, the team has these returning lettermen: Mike Massaconi, Al Cook, Darryl Rustic, Pat Bonivita, Bill Pontin, Dave Allen, John Billa, Jerry Fresia, Tom Orazio, Tom Grieve, Co-capt. Gene Curletti, and Co-capt. Peter Russo. Grieve, Russo, Massaconi and Curletti were members of last year's American Legion squad, after turning in sparkling performances in N.B.L. ball.

Also bidding for spots on the varsity will be those boys who showed promise while playing J.V. ball last year: Cliff Nilan, Connie Caritey, Paul Pierce, Fred Sangiovanni, Steve Kruczkowski, and Mike Doolan.

Coach Pellerin sums it up this way, "If we stay away from injuries, there's no reason in the world why we can't go all the way."



Eugene Curletti

BASEBALL CO-CAPTAINS

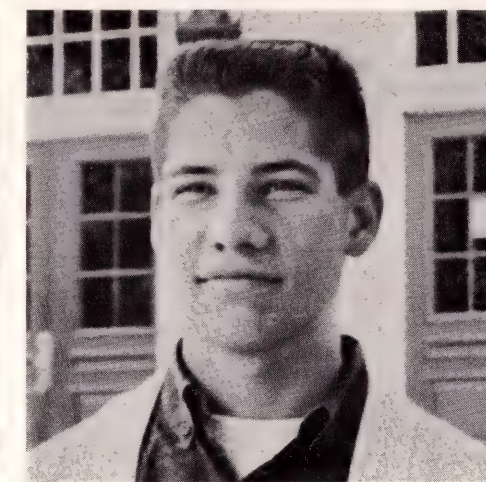
The P.H.S. Baseball team is captained this year by Gene Curletti and Pete Russo, both senior college prep students.

Gene has been a regular for two years at first base and Pete saw considerable service at third base and catcher. Both boys played American Legion ball last summer.

Curletti also played J.V. basketball in his sophomore and junior years. He is an honors math and science student and has served on the Class Council. Last year he was Vice-President and one of four boys to attend Boys' State at the Univ. of Mass. Gene is a very active senior and serves on several committees in addition he is Co-Editor of the Alumni Notes section of THE STUDENT'S PEN.

Russo is also an honors math student and is Editor-in-Chief of THE STUDENT'S PEN. During his junior year he was a Homeroom Representative and co-chairman on the publicity committee for the Junior Prom.

Both boys plan on attending college after graduation and continue playing baseball. THE PEN wishes both boys, Coach Pellerin, and the team the best of luck and success in defending their Berkshire County Championship.



Peter Russo



John Lovejoy

TRACK CO-CAPTAINS

This year's track team is captained by John Lovejoy and Greg Rusk. Both are senior college prep students, members of this year's championship ski team, and members of the newly formed soccer team.

John has been a pole vaulter since his sophomore year and last year placed fifth in the Western Mass. Track Meet. He was also co-captain and center halfback on the soccer team and an excellent jumper on Coach Benedetti's ski team.

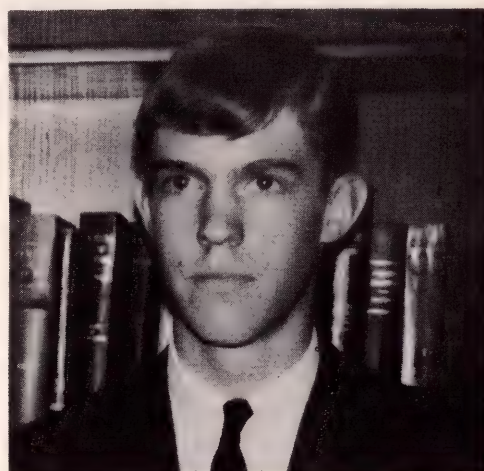
Greg runs the two-mile. A new event last year, he won it at the Western Mass. Track Meet. He is an honors physics student. He was a reserve back on the soccer team.

Both boys plan to attend college next fall. John is presently first alternate for the Air Force Academy and Greg is uncertain where he will attend.

P.H.S TRACK TEAM

The '65 P.H.S. Track team has a tremendous task facing it as the team seeks to equal last year's performance. In '64, the Purple squad under the guidance of Coach Rudy Benedetti went through the season without losing, and capped their perfect record by winning the Western Mass. A.A. Championship in Springfield.

The Generals were hit hard by graduation,



Gregory Rusk

but Coach Benedetti hopes to rebuild around a strong nucleus of returning lettermen. Returning lettermen are: Bernie Rosenblum, Jim Giansiracusa, Bob Calderwood, Gordie Duff, Dave Zink, Ken Potack, Pete Seremet, Ken Hover, Stokes Hall, and Co-captains Greg Rusk and John Lovejoy. The Coach also looks for strong performances from Grey Clark, John Johnson, Paul Martino, Billy Bannick, Dave Farrar, and Mike Reardon.

Practice for the team means 3 to 4 weeks of vigorous calisthenic-sessions, followed by stiff workouts every day through the track season at Clapp Park. With a lot of hard work Coach Benedetti feels he has "a team with the ability to repeat as Western Mass. A.A. Champs."

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June is a riot of color. Fields turn green. Brides dress in shimmering white. Graduates sport tassels of gold. And the government ends another fiscal year in the red.

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GIRLS' SPORTS

BASKETBALL

The winner of the interclass tournament in basketball was the Senior team. After several exciting games with the Juniors and Sophomores, the Seniors emerged victorious (as usual).

Captained by Chris Eulian and Diane Curley, the remaining members of the great (?) Senior team were: Fran Duda, Janet Richards, Joann Cadorette, Linda Ramsey, Maria Delusky and Pam Munson. These girls will receive letters for their efforts.

In the other half of the tournament, the Junior J.V. team defeated both the Senior and Sophomore J.V. teams. The members of this victorious team are: Avis Kernaghan, Barb Cook, Nancy Bogle, Sue Szymanski, Joan and Jane Wilkes, Mary Hickey, Helen Hajjar, Carole Selin and Dolores Lancia. These girls will receive numerals at the athletic assembly.

All the girls who participated this year enjoyed themselves very much and urge all who didn't to try next year.

CADETTES

At 7:15 a. m., April 19, twenty-one sleepy-eyed senior Cadettes will be seen leaving Pittsfield bound for Washington, D. C. This should be a trip they will never forget. They will arrive in Alexandria, Virginia sometime Monday afternoon and from there will go for dinner and an evening tour of Washington. The Cadettes will be chaperoned by Miss MacNaughton, Miss Daley, and Miss Manville.

During the next three days the Cadettes will view the White House, the F.B.I. Building, the Capitol Building, the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, Mount Vernon and they will visit Arlington National Cemetery and the Kennedy Memorial. On Tuesday morning, April 20, they will meet with Congressman Silvio Conte as they do each year.

Their trip will be the climax to their two years as Cadettes. We hope that they have an enjoyable time and know that they will represent our school in true Pittsfield High spirit.

THE BADMINTON TOURNAMENT

George Balanchine's Radio City Ballet Company had nothing on our own P.H.S. girls during the Badminton Tournament, which started the week of March 15. The superb grace and rhythm that these girls exhibited as they leaped and raced about the court, surpassed any performance that Mr. Balanchine ever presented. As in any ballet, mistakes will happen—"I've got it! I've got it!—No! I've got it!—CRASH! !"

But all in all, the girls had lots of fun. It attracted much interest and the participation was high. Over sixty couples signed up from both P.H.S. and Crosby. Barb Conti and Chris Eulien were the able defending champs. The tourney was on a basis of elimination play.

We hope next year's tourney will be as successful as this year's in enthusiasm and turnout.

SWIMMING

During the months of March and April, swimming lessons were given for Beginners, Advanced Beginners, Intermediates, and Swimmers. Under the direction of Mrs. Henderson, a member of the P.H.S. faculty, and Mrs. Winn, director of the pool, the lessons were held on Tuesdays and Thursdays for six weeks at the Girls Club pool.

A swim meet will be held on Tuesday, April 27. The meet is open to any high school girl wishing to compete for athletic awards.

So girls, regardless of your swimming ability, join the fun and sign up now for the interclass race of the year!

LANGUAGES

DER ERSTE TAG APRIL

Heute ist der erste Tag April und alle Jugendlichen können Dummheiten machen. Die Eltern sehen ein, dass die Kinder Dummheiten machen wollen, und sie dürfen auf sie nicht böse sein.

Um sechs Uhr klingelt Peters Wecker und er steht auf. In der Küche findet er das Salz und den Zucker. Er schüttet das Salz in die Zuckerdose. Wenn seine Eltern den Kaffee versüssen, wird der Kaffee salzig, nicht süß sein. Peter weiß, dass seine Eltern lachen werden und Humor haben. Jeder weiß, dass der erste April ein Tag des dummen Streiches ist.

Ursula, Peters Schwester, hat auch Humor. Sie wird Mutters Fullfeder mit unsichtbarer Tinte füllen. Sie steckt das Tintenfass dorthin, wo Mutter es nicht finden kann. Ursula grinst; die Sache macht ihr Spaß.

Die Kinder wissen es nicht aber die Eltern werden auch Dummheiten machen. Peter hat eine Geschichte für die Schule geschrieben und Ursula hat ein schönes Bild gemacht. Am Morgen sagt Mutter: "Ach, du meine Gute! Die Geschichte und das Bild sind schmutzig geworden, und ich habe die ins Papierkorb geworfen." Die Kinder sind böse. Vater trinkt seinen salzigen Kaffee, und brüllt: "Was ist los?" Mutter muss einen Brief schreiben, und wenn sie die Worte nicht sehen kann, schreit sie: "Die Tinte! Gestern war es schwarz; heute ist es unsichtbar." Bald erinnern sie sich daran, dass heute der erste April ist. Peter lacht; "Jeder hat versucht, den anderen in den April zu schicken."

ADVENTUS VERIS

Postquam ira hiemis, saeva ventis gelidis, nive alba, et glacie super tota orbe, terra novam vitam ex imo suspirat et ver natus est. Sol, candens pallida luce, glaciem calefacit et caligo odoris fecundi ex terra surgit. In arboribus, venti mites inter frondes ludant,

sui susurri vocantes ut viri gloriosam naturam admirentur. Coluber, positus exuviis, corpus ad solem exponit et saxo cumbit. Tollens caput, lingua micat, sed rursus dormire conatur. Flores pulcherrimae in campis florent. Coccinea papavera in ventis ludificantur. Viola odorata tapetem suavem odore extendunt. Convelariae majalis, tam delicatae sunt, suavitate tabentur. Pastores gregem pecoris ad virides colles ducunt quo pecores pascuntur. Super, aether caeruleus nullam nebulam continet. Pax est.

La vie est bonne dans une famille nombreuse. Il y a toujours quel qu'un avec qui bavarder. Mais quelquefois mes frères et mes sœurs ne se taisent pas—et moi, il me faut étudier! Les petits brisent souvent leurs jouets. Ça leur plaît quand nous les réparons.

Il faut que tout le monde travaille tout le temps mais ça vaut la peine. Chez nous, c'est comme vivre dans une petite ville. Chacun fait sa tâche. Tout le monde contribue à la vie familiale. Je me rends compte que nous apprenons des leçons pour toute notre vie.

VER

Hiems,
Venti frigidi per cinereum aetherem ruunt
Et nivem albam super terram meram volvunt.
Terra, quae sine vita dormit, tacet.
In campis, per herbas, mors errat
Dum Hiems spirat spiritum doloris.

Ver,
Felix Zephyrus in arboribus canit
Laetitiam ad terram redivisse.
Sylvia rubecula, volans per caelum
Cum radiis aureis solis labitur.
Nymphae, suae comae vittis frondentibus
cinctis,
Per silvam se condunt.
Apes ab flora ad floram ferveunt,
Aether gravis melle est.
Terra cum cantu novi partus palpitat.
Ver.

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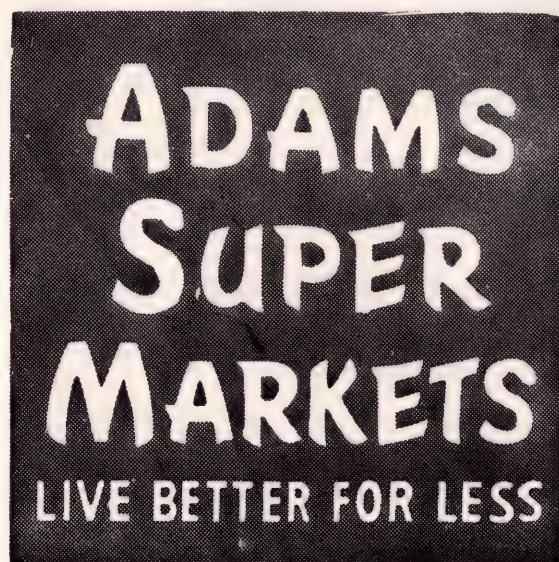
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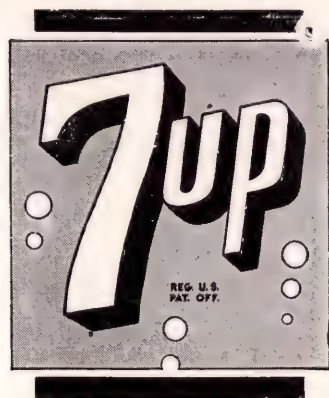
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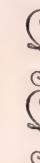
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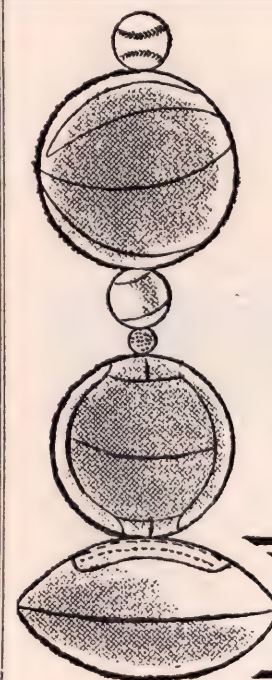
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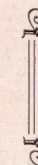
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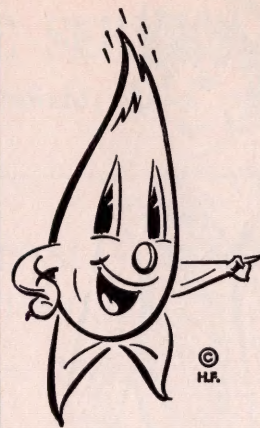
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